

BELDING BROS'

HAPPY

HOURS



IN

PICTURE

LAND

HIGHEST PREMIUM AWARDED TO

BELDING BROS'
SPOOL SILK

—FOR—

100 Yards Spool Silk,

50 Yards Spool Silk,

16 Yards Button-Hole Twist,

10 Yards Button-Hole Twist.

“Kensington” and “Skein” Embroidery Silk.

PLAIN AND SHADED.

WASH SILK.

Phœnician Dyes in “Etching or Outline Embroidery”
and “Floss Filling” Silk.

Warranted to stand exposure to light and unchangeable in washing.

“Pure Thread Knitting” Silk.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



AH, VERY, very poor was she—
Old Dame Pig, with her children three!
Robust, beautiful little ones,
Were those three sons;
Each wearing always without fail,
A little fanciful knot in his tail.

But never enough of sour or sweet
Had they to eat;
And so, one day, with a piteous squeak,
Did the mother speak:
"My sons, your fortune you must seek!"
And out in the world, as they were sent,
The three pigs went.



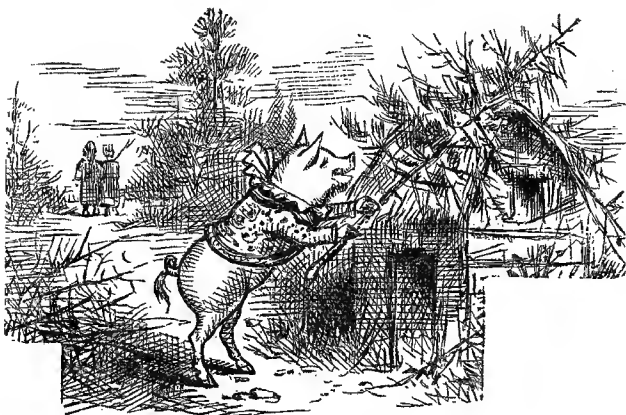
Trotting along, the first one saw
A man who carried a bundle of straw.
"Give me some straw for a house and bed,"
The little pig said.
Straightway, not even waiting a bit,
The kind man did as he was bid;
And the little pig built a house of it.
But he was no more than settled, before
A wolf came along and knocked at the door,



Tap-tap, and cried,
" Little pig, little pig, let me come in ! "
But the pig replied,
" No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin ! "
The old wolf grumbled, and added beside,
" Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in ! "
He was gray and big,
And he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in,
And he ate up the poor little pig.
The very next day, all blithe and gay,
The second little pig went marching away
To the world to find his fortune. And when
He met two men,
Who bore on their shoulders bunches of furze,

" My gentle sirs,
Give me some furze
For a house and bed,"
The little pig said.

They gave it him freely, every whit,
And the little pig built a house of it.



But he could no more than get in, before -
The wolf came along and knocked at the door :
" Little pig; little pig, let me come in ! "
But the pig replied,
" No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin ! "
Then the old wolf growled, and added beside,
" Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in ! "



He was fierce and big,
And he huffed and puffed, and puffed and huffed,
And he blew the house in,

And he ate up the poor little pig.
And then the third little pig went out,
With his curly tail and his saucy snout;
Up to all kinds of pranks and tricks;
And he met a man with a load of bricks,

And he said, "I suppose
You are perfectly willing to give me those?"
By the begging he got them every one,
And in a thrice was the house begun,
And very shortly the house was done,
Plastered and snug and nice.

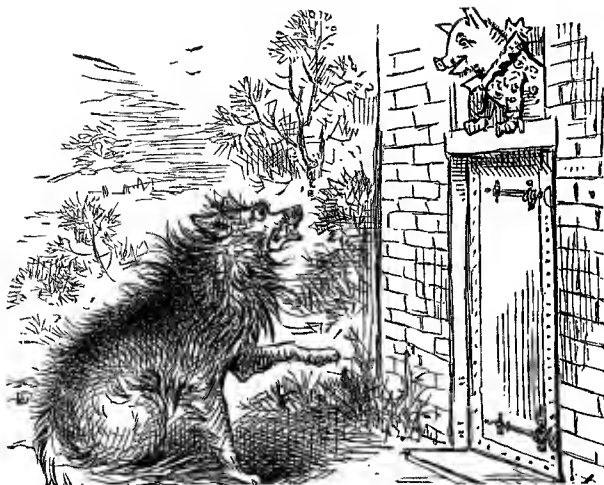


And along came the same wolf as before,
And knocked at the door,
Thump, thump, and cried,
" Little pig, little pig, let me come in ! "
But the little pig replied,
" No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin ! "
Then the wolf filled his cheeks out on each side,
Like a bellows, to blow,
And he howled, " Oh, ho !
Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in ! "
Well, he huffed and he puffed and he huffed,

And he puffed and he huffed and he puffed,
But, with all his huffing
And all his puffing,
The house would *not* fall in !
And so, despite his appetite,
He was forced to go with never a bite,



And for once, at least, was cheated out
Of the little pig with a saucy snout.
Of the wily kind,
Though, he was; and he whined,
"I know, little pig, where we can find
Some nice fresh turnips!" Pig grunted, "Where?"



"Oh, over at Smith's, in his home field;
It's not far there; if it's pleasant weather,
Shall we go together
To-morrow at six?" "Yes," piggie squealed.
But what should the little pig contrive,
But to rise at five
Next day, and go through the early dew
To the field where the turnips grew!
They were plenty and sweet,
And he ate of them all he cared to eat,
And took enough for his dinner, and then
Went home again.
The wolf came promptly at six o'clock,
Gave a friendly knock,



And asked the pig, "Are you ready to go?"

"Why, I'd have you know
I've already been there, and beside
I've enough for dinner," the pig replied.

The wolf saw then he was cheated again;
But, "I know where's a lovely apple tree,"
In a winsome voice said he;

And the wise little pig, from where he sat,
Peered out and smiled, "Where's that?"

"At the Merry Garden; if you'll be fair,"
And it's pleasant weather,
We two together,

At five in the morning will go there."

Ah, sly and cunning
The little pig was, for as early as four
He was out next day, and running, running,
Hoping to get the apples before

The wolf was up. But the apple tree
Proved twice as far as he thought 'twould be.
He climbed the boughs in the greatest haste,
And thought to himself, "I'll only taste
As a bit of a lunch."

But soon crunch, crunch,
He had eaten a score; then what should he see
But the big gray wolf just under the tree!



Yes, there he stood,
Trying to look as meek as he could,
And he said, "Little pig, are the apples good?"
Pig thought he should fall from where he sat,
So heavy his heart went pit-a-pat;
But he answered, "The nicest under the sun!
I'll throw down one."



The wolf ran after it as he threw it,
-And, before he knew it,
The little pig was out of the tree, and, as fleet
As his four little feet
Could scamper, he fled



On, into his house, while after him sped
The wolf, with a savage voice and face,
In a furious chase.
He was long and slim,
But the little pig proved too swift for him.



Still he came again the very next day,
And he knocked and called, " Little pig, I pray
You will go to the Shanklin Fair with me,
Be ready, and I will call at three.
Now the pig, as he had always done,
Got the start of the wolf, and went at one
At the Fair he bought him a butter-churn
And with it started out to return ;

But who should he meet—
The very first one he chanced to spy
Upon the street—
But the wolf! and it frightened him dreadfully.
So he crept inside his churn to hide;
It began to roll; he began to ride;
Around and around, along the ground,
He passed the wolf with a bump and bound.
He was frightened worse than he frightened the pig,
By the funny, rumbling rig;



And he fled in dismay,
Far out of his own and the little pig's way.
Yet in due time—for I suppose
He was nearly starved—his pattering toes
Were heard again at the little pig's door.
Such a haunted look his visage wore
When the tale he told
Of the beast that bumped and bounded and rolled,
Up hill, down hill, and everywhere,
And chased him away from the Shanklin Fair!
Then with all his might,
The little pig laughed outright,
Giving a jocular scornful shout
With his saucy snout,



As he cried, " Oh, how would you like to learn
'Twas a churn, and that I was in the churn ?"
Then the wolf exclaimed, " I hate your tricks,
Your bolted door and your house of bricks !
I'll eat you anyway—that I'll do !
I'll come down the chimney after you !"
But the pig built a fire, high and hot,
And filled with water his dinner pot ;

And just as the wolf came down the flue,
Scraping his ribs as he slipped through,

What did he do

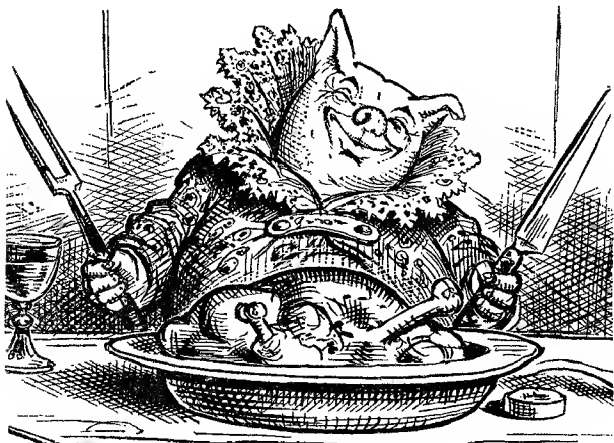
But lift the cover, and let him fall
Into the pot—hide, hair and all!

And what next he did

Was to slide the lid

Quick over the pot. "It's boiling hot—
It'll maybe cook him, and maybe not,"

He cried in glee. "But I'll let him be,
And when it is dinner-time I'll see!"
That day he dined quite to his mind;
And he mused to himself, "I'm half inclined
To think, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,
That *this* is the best way to take wolves in!"



Mellin's Food



for Infants & Invalids

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The Highest Premium Awarded

—TO—

BELDING BROS'



SPOOL SILK.

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NORTHAMPTON, MASS., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
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The World Exposition mentioned on page 17 was in 1884
which is why this booklet is dated as circa 1885